



Ilúvamal



korra,

crossover

lotr

78 1 2

Chapter 1 by Nemi Dork

The gods sang to themselves in the void. They sang their own songs and their songs echoed back to them in pleasing transcendent harmony.

Some looped, some sang choir, some sang whatever pleased them best at the moment

His was the most planned, best planned; every note and beat composed long before in perfect measure. Even the dissonance was his, predicted, created, just for the sake of his song. His Ainur sang back to him, even his bound Melkor, and it was perfect.

And yet, and yet--he was changing his mind. As the songs around him spiraled and fell, and played to whim, his whim was denied, for each was planned before. His set pieces moved as dictated, his world was closed to him.

He sang and sang what he knew he would sing, the Ainulindalë which he had known since before he had sung, and he was bored.

To his others, which he had long ignored he gestured, and then, daring much but not at all (for was it not his song?) he altered his notes. The metronome skipped, and he had their attention, because they too knew his song. He sang, he wove, he communicated. See more of Story Wars

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Then Change Change Change, they sang back to him, their worlds spinning into revolution.

He was one who plotted, who made, who laid out the whole of the universe before he breathed his first note into it. He did not know how.

A young voice sang its refrain, it's chorus to its world. It sang it to Eru. Enter and be and dance free in your creation.

He dared a word, a step to the side of his world, he dared it. How?

The younger world spirit taught the elder, lent Eru a melody from its song, a melody of self.

He dared another word, another song which they slid into his own symphony.

Eru Ilúvatar sang a name, a being, a life and did not know how it would go or how it would end or what he/they would do next.

Into his world he spiraled down, singing from within and without. He walked his world for the first time, singing.

He knew the ground beneath her feet, the wind in her hair, fire in her hands and water in her blood. He knew it as feeling it, and not singing it.

He sang into his world and was the song for once. She sang back.

The music was this:

Korra.

Chapter 2 by Nemi Dork



(He had forgotten, and She was alone. But need was the spark of change; she would not sing Naga into being, here.)

She looked around, the grass went on

(The road goes ever on and on)

and on. There were moun

the distance, Naga-

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oking white peaks were in

(He had forgotten, and She was alone. But need was the spark of change; she would not sing Naga into being, here.)

--It would take her a while to get there, but she bet it would be a good place to practice her bending.

(Over rock)

Why, if they were volcanic she could practice all four elements and hear them sing to her.

(The song of self was an adaption, a blended harmony, a planned intrusion, and not a brown note.)

But over in the other direction was a forest that already sang to her.

(and under tree.)

She sat down in the dust and scratched the dirt, trying to make up her mind,

In the mountain she could go by caves where never sun has shone,
she could fish by streams that never find the sea.

Meanwhile the woods--

(First children, he thought, aching in desire, but he was not he, or they. She was herself.)

But it didn't look wet enough to really work with.

She stood up and stomped the road dust off her clothing.

Wait.

She looked down, she looked left, she looked right. She thumped herself on the skull. "What a

dummy," she laughed at herself. "I really need to resupply, though no one has good seal jerky around here." She had eaten the last of her supplies on the way out of the South and West.

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Korra took a deep breath and closed her eyes, focusing inwards on her--

(Songs of the land)

--Inner ear, listening to the song of the world. What, exactly, did she want?

People. Not brigands. She wanted...She wanted a people who loved their land, as much as the people back home did. And she knew there were people over the mountains who loved this land that--

(she had made for them and would not abandon it)

There but more south there were trees that loved their land, and to the west there were people who loved their land. And there were little humming spots all over of people who lived in a place for generations and cared, and loved.

She heard the distant strains of songs she had never heard before. Which is why she came, anyways.

And in the singing forest nearest to her, she heard songs that just wanted to leave, but were waiting. It made her angry.

(She had never thought that way before. She had sung the world not for her Ainur, not for Elves, and certainly not for Dwarves, but for Men. Everything was proceeding as planned to make way for them in a tale she liked.)

(But from the inside...she didn't like it so much.)

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